



*Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleaveland.*

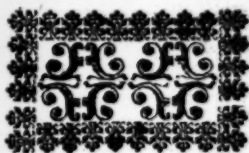


*Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleaveland.*

POEMS

BY
J. C.

With Additions, never
before Printed.



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**A brief Table of the P O E M S and
C H A R A C T E R S.**

As also of L E T T E R S received, and
Answers thereunto.

T*He Senses Festivall.*
Fufcara, or the Bee Errant.
Julia to expedite her promise.
The Hecatomb to his Mistresse.
Upon Sir Thomas Martin.
*Upon the Memory of Mr. Edward King drown'd in the
Irish Seas.*
On the same.
Upon an Hermaphrodite. (H. Compton.
*To the Hectors, upon the unfortunate death of
Square-Cap.*
Upon Phillis walking in a morning before Sun-rising.
*Upon a Miser that made a great Feast, and the next day
died for grief.*
A young Man to an old Woman courting him.
To Mrs. K. T. who askt him why he was dumb.
A fair Nymph scorning a black Boy courting her.
*A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. in the
Oath.*
Smeectymnus, or the Club Divine.
The mixt Assembly.
The Kings disguise.
The Rebell Scot.

The Table.

The Scots Apostate.

Rupertismus.

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.

Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, &c.

On the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

On J. W. A. B. of York.

Mark Anthony.

The Authors Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

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The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

The Antiplatonick.

Maries Spikenard.

Chronosticon Decollationis Caroli Regis, &c.

Upon King Charles.

Upon the best of men and meekest of Martyrs, &c.

Upon the death of King Charles.

The Character of a London-Diurnall.

**The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the
Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.**

**A Letter to a Friend, dissuading him from his attempt
to marry a Nun.**

Two severall Letters written to J. C.

J. C. his Answer to each particular Letter.



TO THE
STATE OF LOVE.
OR,
The Senses Festivall.

I Saw a vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight :
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear :
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'same,
Beauties chiefeft Maid of Honour ;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the faire Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown ;
Abrown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars be tan'd.
T O Crow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows must confesse,
~~Her~~ beams their glimmering spectacles;
 Struck with the splendor of her face,
 Do'th' office of a burning-glasse.

Now where such radiant lights have shown,
 No wonder if her cheeks be grown
 Sun-burnt with lustre of her owne.

My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)
 I now empale her in mine arms,
 (Love's compasses) confining you
 Good Angels to a compasse too.
 Is not the Universe straight-lac't,
 When I can clasp it in the wast?
 My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
 With *Drake*, I compasse in the World;
 I hoop the firmament, and make
 This my embrace the Zodiack.

How would thy Center take my sence,
 When admiration doth commence,
 At the extream circumference!

Now to the melting kisse that slips
 The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
 So sweet, there is no tongue can prais't,
 Till transubstantiate with a taste,
 Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
 By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;
 Which wheresoever she imparts,
 They're Privy Seales to take up hearts.

POEMS.

Our mouths encountring at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
But that she stopt the Sally-port.
Next to those sweets her lips dispence,
As twin-conserves of eloquence,
The sweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Rosary this votresse needs,
Her very syllables are beads.
No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her speech doth enter,
It is a kisse o'th' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
As if another *Rosomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious blisse;
Two souls pickering in a kisse.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis storming that must take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game, make stakes my dear,
Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleer*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-esel* to *Cupids* knight.

Then have at all, the passe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not dye upon the spot?

FUSCARA, or the
BEE Errant.

Natures confectioner, the Bee,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchimie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yeilds,
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter destreins
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure;
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off:
That Pulse which he that feels may know
Whether the Worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he prays on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
Here while his canting drone pipe scan'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives.

He bathes in blisse, and finds no ods
 Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
 He pearches now upon her wrist,
 A proper hawk for such a fist,
 Making that flesh his bill of fare,
 Which hungry Canibals would spare.
 Where Lillies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate Carnation :
 He *Argent* skin with *Or* so stream'd,
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the tree,
 Like a thick branching pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty-maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I'th' fashion of a wedding ring,
 And bidshis Comrades of the swarm
 Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had suck'd the toll of all her span,
 Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums,
 As *Danes* carowle by kettle-drums,
 It was decreed that posie glean'd
 The small familiar should be wean'd :
 At this the Errants courage quails,
 Yet aided by his native sails,

P O E M S.

The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To finde her undiscovered mines:
 To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
 Fraught both with East and Western prize,
 Which when he had in vain assaid,
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-presade,
 With *Spanish* pike he broacht a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the sore:
 For as in Gummy trees ther's found,
 A salve to issue at the wound,
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsome too:
 But oh! what Wasp was't that could prove
Ratilius to my *Queen of Love*?
 The King of Bees now' jealous grown,
 Lest her beame should melt his throne:
 And finding that his tribute slackes,
 His Burgeses, and state of Wax
 Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs
 Build rank and file like Beads-men rooms,
 And what they bleed but tart and sowre,
 Matcht with my *Danaes* golden showre,
 Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
 Stung her, cause sweeter than himselfe.
 Sweetnesse and she are so ally'd.
 The Bee committed parricide.

To JULIA to expedite her promise.

Since 'tis my Doom, Lov's under-Shrieve
Why this Reprieve?

Why doth my She-Advowson flie
Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joynes.
Th'are *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'loyns,
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foynes.
To sell thy self dost thou intend

By Candle end?

And hold the contract thus in doubt,

Life's Taper out?

Think but how soon the market failes;
Your Sex lives faster than the males,
As if to measure Age's span
The Sober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whil'st You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now since you bear a Date so short

Live double for't.

How can thy fortresse ever stand

If't be not man'd?

The Siege so gaines upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pitty thy self then, if not me,
And hold not out, lest (like *Ostind*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbish at Deliverie,

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The

The Candidates of *Peter's* chair
 must plead great hair,
 And use the Simony of a cough
 To help them off;
 But when I woe thus old and spent,
 I'le wed by Will and Testament.
 No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,
 The greatest honours on the aged hurl'd
 Are but gay Furlowes for another world.

To morrow what thou render'st me.
 Is Legacie;
 Not one of all those rav'nous houres
 But thee devours.
 And though thou still recruited be,
 Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivorie;
 Though thou consume but to renew,
 Yet Love, as Lord, doth claime a Herriot due.
 That's the best quick thing I can finde of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
 By that soft gripe.
 And those regealing christal spheares
 I hold thy teares,
 Pledges of more distilling sweets,
 The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
 Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
 Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
 To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

THE
H E C A T O M B
TO HIS
MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid.
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these
Expressions common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travell by their bowels spun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist againe each Panegerick line.
Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* staffe to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should their encounter a religious prayer
Mouniting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a string
In venturing higher; were the note I sing,
Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammal* sound again
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth.
Nor finde an Epithite to set it forth.
Metals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble her auldry.
As then a purer substance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
Onely I say she's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her sole perfection to want.
All other formes seem in respect of thee
The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
Their name-fak'd signes in their strange character.
As the Philosophers to every sence
Marry it's object, yet with some dispence.
And grant them a Poligamy withall,
And these their common sensibles they call:
So is't with her, who tinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smel.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
 When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want nose,
 When from each cheeks buds forth a fragrant rose?
 Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak,
 A well tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each look a flash of lightning feel,
 Which spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?
 Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sense
 Corrupted with the objects excellence,
 Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.

In whom, since all the five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
 Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,
 Whose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse
 Voides nought but flowers for thy *Muses* herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
 And with divines hunt with so cold a scent,
 Can in her bosome finde it resident.

Now come aloft, come come and breath a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the Astrologer, who spels the stars,
 In that faire Alphabet reads peace and wars,
 Mistakes his Globe and in her brighter eye
 Interprets heavens Physiognomy.

Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quarrels* vex.

Phy.

Physitians : call her the *Square* circle, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra* :
What e're you undertake not, say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fancie so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poore *Goibarn* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but sacriledge.
Then rouse up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance :
She that commits a rape on every sence,
Whose breath can countermand a pestilence ;
She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head :
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

Upon

UPON

Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who subscribed a Warrant thus.

*we the Knights and Gentlemen of the Com-
mittee, &c. When there was no
Knight but himselfe.*

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling greece
With stories *Timpany*) a beast so rare,
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Baribolmew* fare
Can match him; natures whimsey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious fights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights* :
But is this bigamy of titles due ?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too ?
Isachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together.
Spurs representative ! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Ariburs* Table :
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all,
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors* Hospitall.

Paire-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
 Had he but trump on thee, whose forked neck
 Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck* :
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie,
 Metall on mettall is ill Armoury.
 And yet the knowne *Godfrey* of *Bullion*'s coat
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
 Great spirits move not by pendantick laws
 There actions, though eccentric, state the cause,
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honour : *Cæsar* thus
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire scarce Yeoman high,
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dye ?
 Fond man ! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade ;
 But it's no matter, for *Amphibious* he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King,
drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not teares in tune, nor do I prize
His artificiall griefe who scans his eyes,
Mine weep downe pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no Poet here; my pen's the spout
Where the Raine-water of mine eyes run out
In pittie of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copied out in griefes Hydrography:
The Muses are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Helespont*.
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide the streames; but (like the waves their
Run with disturbance, til they swallow me (cause)
As a description of his misery.
But can his spacious virtue find a grave
Within th' imposthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomelesse,
Could not the wind to counter-mand thy death,
With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,
To heave thy resurrection from the deep!
That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
With no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy :
 An ominous Legacy that did portend
 Thy fate and predecessors second end :
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The Sea can paralell in shape and kind :
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an University.

Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-men prize
 His shipwrack now more than his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to the tombe
 As to a Royaller Exchange shall come.
 What can we now expect? water and fire ;
 Both elements our ruine do conspire :
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound,
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown our Libraries must tosse
 To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
 Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
 Wee'l issu't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our tears shall seem the *Irisb* Seas,
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the same.

Tell me no more of *Sticks* : canst thou tell
Who'twas, that when the waves began to swell,
The Ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as constant as he did that slept.
Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard
Who'twas that on his knees the Vessell steer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, since I see
As yet no signe of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self-same journey in a watry one.

B 3**Vpon**

:

Vpon an
HERMAPHRODITE.

Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether,
 Nature twist'd you both together :
 And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,
 Both petticote and breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastice the God of Wine,
 With water that is feminine,
 Untill the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so incorporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both sexes thus ingroft :
 When providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*.
 Then did manth bout wedlock treat,
 To make his body up compleat :
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife make but one right
 Canonickall *Hermaphrodite* :
 Ravell thy body, and I find
 In every limb a double kind,
 Who would not think that head a pair
 That breeds such factions in the hair ?
 One halfe so churlish in the touch,
 That rather than endure so much,
 It would my tender limbs apparrell
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell :

But the other half so small,
 And so amorous withall,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble bow.
 When I look babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy Orb containes both Sun and Moon :
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beards despaire?
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue :
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found :
 Thy breasts distinguish one another ;
 This the Sister, that the Brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I *John* take *Frances* :
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,
 This is a Gantlet, that a Muff :
 Had fly *Ulysses* at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nicomedes Phillis*.
 His plot had fail'd ; this hand would feel
 The needle that the warlike steel.
 When musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Gallard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt daunce though alone :
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender not the heart.
 Nay, those which modesty can mean,
 And dare not speak, are Epicæne;
 That Gamster needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Phillip* and *Mary*,

The Authors

HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted into his P O E M S.

Probleme of Sexes ! must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy pedigree ?
 Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw lesse than Aums ace upon two Dice :
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double father ?
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the maine
 In one place gets, another quits againe.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice one in two to make her number just :
Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be improprieate.
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
 Is intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth super-institute,
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descries,
Iove in his rivall, fals to sacrifice:
 That name hath tipt his horns: see on his knees;
 A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content
 To entertain their fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Shee'th got a leap of such a *Barbary*.
 Talke not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.

But stay I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the Worms for his compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sons? say *Ogge* is't meet,
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a *Phoenix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove being ther's two combin'd)
 It would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.

But

But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or breake up house, like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pitbagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And stil there's hopes't may prove his bastard Imp:
 But I'm prophane; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoere you are,
 You are a Nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the World is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt Fathers of the Poetry.
 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine,
 O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the H E C T O R S upon the un-
 fortunate death of H. C O M P T O N.

Y ou Hectors! tame professors of the sword,
 who in the chair state duels, whose black word
 Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewich'd, when't comes to fight and do:
Who on your errand our best spirits send,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an hole Court-Martial in your drink,
And dispute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but prate out valour, as
You grow inspir'd by th' oracle of the Glasse;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y' have the gift of fighting, can discern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat,
Who kil'd: that you may drink, and swear and eat:
Whilst you applaud those murders wch you teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.

Meer booty souls! who bid us fight a prize
To feast the laughter of our enemies?
Who shout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Meere providence to hear a *Compton's* slain.
A name they dearly hate, & justly; should (bloud;
They lov't 'twere worse, their love would taint the
Bloud always true, true as their swords and cause,
And never vainly lost, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this person, who
Truly durst more than you dare think to do
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew love
From al but him who kil'd him, who seeks a grave,
And fears a death more shamefull than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
 Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
 (If you be sober) Is it valour? say!

To overcome, and then to run away.

Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one.

Both are repented of as soone as done.

Square Cap.

Come hither *Appoll's* bouncing girle,
 And in a whole *Hipocrine* of Sherry
 Let's drink a round till our braines do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
 A Cambridg-Lasse, *Venus*-like, borne of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd Jugg of barley broth;
 Sae she's my Mistresse, her suiters are many,
 But thee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first, for the Plush sake, the *Monmouth* c p
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle. (comes
 With his new fangled oath, by *Jupiters* thumbs,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tels her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have God knowes what *per annum*:
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for mee.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And faine would derive the pedigree of fashion:
 The *Antipodes* wear their shooes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tofs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
 With a long wasted conscience towards a Sister,
 And making a chappell of ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her.
 Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Satten-cap* scouts about, (marry;
 And faine would this wench in his fellowship
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry,
 Hee'll purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offers her money her incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The one milkes the pocket, the other the tap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bribed.
 Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
 And give me livery and season of thee :
 But peace *John-a Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
 For I never will be your Impropropriation.
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee ;
 For if ever I have a man, *Square cap* for me.

Upon *PHILLIS* walking in a *Morning*
before Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
 My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
 As if shee'd made a match to run
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
 The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
 Serving more for pomp than ward,
 Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
 Wave branches do enclose her beauty.
 The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
 Or age with crutches underpropt,
 Whose wooden carkases are grown
 To be but coffins of their own,
 Revive and at her Generall dole
 Each receives his ancient soul.
 The winged Choristers began
 To chirp their Mattins : and the Fan

Of whistling windes, like Organs, plaid,
Unto their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning Sacrifice;
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowfie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roses mix no civill war
Between her York and Lancaster
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face.
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop;
Mistakes her kue, and doth display;
Thus *Phyllis* antedates the day.

These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To see what Saints his lustre mocks,
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice-windows give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye.
Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious pallie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blisse?

And

And that they might her footsteps straw
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, (and lest her stay
 Should wed *October* unto *May*;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beames, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a *Miser* that made a great Feast,
and the next day dyed for griefe.

NOR scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud:
 And what delight she tooke in th'invitation,
 Strives to cast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhyme,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time;
 March'd the train-band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
 He will afford the lovers gluttony;
 This is a Feast, a Muster, not a Fight,
 Our Weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we tantaliz'd? is all this meat
 Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
 Th'Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup,
 On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

Whatever feasts be made are summ'd up here,
 His table vyes not standing with his chear.
 His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this meal are all,
 And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.
 Christmas is no feast moveable for lo
 The selfe-same dinner was ten years ago;
 'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,
 The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while, unlesse my whiniard faile,
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th'intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the Mutton,
 When the first cut cal's me blood-thirsty glutton:
 What *Ajax*, with his anger quodl'd brain
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roost,
 I lamentably butcher up mine host:
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
 Cut a Goose leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard the abhominable sport,
 A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
 The souldier with his *Morglay* watcht the Mill,
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great *Pusses* leg, which by some charm
 Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
 'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes,
 but still we flash them in a thousand shapes:
 Our serving-men, like *Spanniels* range, to spring
 The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
 It were (*Thysies* like) on his own breed.
 To Pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.
 Sauces we should have none had he his wish,
 The Oranges i'th' margent of the dish,
 He with such Hucsters telsthem o're and o're,
 Th'*Hefferian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nought else to do he fals to pray'r.
 As thou didst once put on the form of bull,
 And turnst thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
 May live to comfort me in all this griefe.
 But no *Amen* was said: See, see it comes,
 Draw boyes, let trumpets sound, & strike up drums.
 See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him.
 The Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend dee-
 Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a Keeper, (fer
 Stricter then in the Park, making his guest
 (as he hath stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
 The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
 Than *Ovids* pack of dogse're chac'd their Master.
 A double prey at once may seize upon,
Aleon and his Case of Venison:

Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman
Courting him.

Peace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;
There's no temptation in such fruit:
No rotten Medlers, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate.

Match with thee thy bridegroom fears,
Would be thought interest in his yeares.

Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam summe.

Can Wedlock know so great a curse
As putting Husbands out to Nurse?

How Pond and Rivers would mistake,
And cry new Almanacks for our sake?

Time sure hath wheel'd about this year,
December meeting Janiveer.

Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
And stript returns unto his prime:

If my affections thou shouldst win,
First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.

My moderne lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy smack;

Count that Primitive imbrace,
As out of fashion as thy face.

And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy fornication's classicall.

Our sports will differ, thou may'st play
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.

I'me no translator, have no vein
 To turn a woman young againe :
 Unlesse you'l grant the taylors due,
 To see the fore-bodies be new :
 I love to wear cloaths that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush :
 Like Alder-men, or Monster-Sheriffs,
 With canvas backs and velvet sleeves.
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt the Skeleton and me.

Go study salve and treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg or his sore eye ;
 Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank
 Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cud on some delight
 Thou takest in thy *Eigbry eight*.
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen,
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken and attend my vows.

*When Aena's fires shall undergo
 The penance of the Alps in snow :
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn :
 When th'heavens shuffe all in one,
 The Torrid with the frozen Zone ;
 When all these contradictions meet,
 Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.*

For all these similes do hold
 In my young heat and thy dull cold;
 Then if a Feaver be so good
 Asimp as to inflame thy blood.
 Hymen shall twist thee and thy page,
 The distinct Tropick of mans age.
 Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
 Ple not thy Perywig be call'd.
 Ple never be 'stead of a lover,
 An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him why
he was Dumb.

Stay, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfie this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 Ple tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you heare me) dumb.
 Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
 Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
 For heat of conscience all men hold,
 Isth' onely way to catch their cold;

How should loves zealot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint.
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallow'd excellence:
As th'English Dialect would vary
The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speake that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I spy
Still cause, and still Divinity!
As soon as blest with you salute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, lest they cancel all the blisse,
You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
The lips you seale must needs consent
Unto the tongues imprisonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
With a strange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that sence
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh listen with attentive sight
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choise,
To give, or to suspend my voice,
With the same key set ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it fast before;

Kisse once againe, and when you thus
 Have doubly been miraculous,
 My muse shall write with Handmaids duty,
 The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
 But meanes to speake the rest by signes.

A Faire Nymph scorning a Black
 Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. **S**Tand off, and let me take the air,
 Why should the smoake pursue the fair?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guess't
 What flames within have scorch'd my brest.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
 For the darke lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this lanthorn keepes loves taper,
 Surer then yours that's of white paper.

What ever midnight hath been here,
 The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
 If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will aske,
 Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
 I'll throw my Maske off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces shall delight,
To checquer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a presse;
And in our sports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
Let the dark shop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with teares.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse teares, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Teares can no more affection win,
Than wash the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS
upon *the &c. in the OATH.*

Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath;

The

The Quarrell was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
 &c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
 The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
 The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
 Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
 Of a new mental Reſervation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
 Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
 Harken with reverence; for the point is nice,
 I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
 And ſo by revelation know it better
 Than all the learn'd Idolaters' oth' Letter.
 With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
 Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam:
 I ſay to thee, &c. thou li'ſt,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
 Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay
 Tongues were confounded in, &c?
 Who ſwears &c. ſwears more oathes at once
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
 Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accuſt &c. thou, for now I ſcent
 What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
 O! *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
 This ſigne in thy prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th'infernal plot
 Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
 Peruſe the Oath, ſand you ſhall ſoon deſcry it;
 By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November* (ber,
 Yet her's not all, I cannot halfe untrusse
 &c. it's so abhominous.

The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip, &c. and you shall find
 O the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th'Apparator upon his kew-bal'd horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear;
 For 'tis (to speake in a familiar stile)
 A *Yorkshire* wea-bit, longer then a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by gods-diggers
 Hee'l sweare at words in large, and not in figures.
 Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
 To leave, &c. in his liquid Oath.
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th'eleventh quart:
 While all that saw and heard them, joynly pray,
 They and their tribe were all, &c.

S M E C T I M N U U S O R ; *the* C L U B - D I V I N E S .

S M E C T I M N U U S ! the Goblin makes me start,
 Si'th Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?
Syriack ?

Syriack ? or Arabick ? or Welsh ? what skilt ?
 Apall the Bricklayers that *Babell* built,
 Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it:
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon Poet,
 But doe the brother-hood then play their prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
 A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a
 The Saint monopoly, the zealous cluster, (mile ;
 Which like a Porcupine presents a muster,
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their seas,
 A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
 Thus Jack of all-trades hath devoutly shown
 The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone.
 Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treasons fashion ;
 Now we have heresie by Complication.
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain ; a Murnivall of knaves
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all of a side :
 So the vaine satyrists stand all arow ;
 As hallow teeth upon a lute-string show.
 Th'*Italian* Monster pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Diarefis* halfe one another,
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smechimnus*.
 Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smeckt*, for lo his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazarus* is multipli'd.
 Under each arme there's tuckt a double gyssard,
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard.

Th

The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
Heirs of confusion by *Gavel-kind*.

I think *Pythagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together :
Smea is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare ;
He stops the Gossipping Dame ; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.

Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modest sense
Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence :
Like to an *Ignis fatum*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same :
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
Into one man are monosyllabel'd.

Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scann'd there feet;
On Cure and five Incumbents leap a truss :
The title sure must be litigious.

The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smea* at the Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name,
'T would make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as natures fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be seffers, that's the cause
She cleft their hoof into so many clawes.)

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smeſtimnuus* for Pole-mony.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smeo*
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose lungs pay use on use to halfa score.
No Fellow is more letter'd, though the brand
Both supercribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Geneology.
The banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smeſtimnuus* and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Priest to tie the Foxes tayles together,
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether,
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: but upon the Mother:
Faith cry *Sr. George*, let them go to't and stickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which uses to divorce might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd,
My taske is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble;
 Whip *Smec.* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing.
 May the *Queen Mother* justify your fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

Flea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders; *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.
 Who ask'd the banes' twixt these discolor'd mates?
 A strange Grottesco this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had borne a dappled son,
 You checquering her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled & ring-streaked lambs.
 Like an Impropiators Morley kind,
 Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd,
 Like the Lay-thiefe in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
 Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

Somixt they are, one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of *Burgesse*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.

Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judab* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crozier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will faile the criples state. And wer't not pitty
But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of *his* *and* *Etegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalke and charcoal drawn!
The Miscelany satyr and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Resurrection:
Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading fables, and the coming gules:
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shoves
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolpo's* Nose,
Let him that wore the Dialogue of Cloakes,
This shoulder *John a pyles*, that *John a Nokes*.
Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either,
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're had neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece symony:

Be sick and dreame a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Wolſie Veſtry men.

Forbear good *Pembrooke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing :
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the Noble *Piercies* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits ?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiab* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon* :

A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Garb* with the fix finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words :
Preſſo, they'r gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding and doxv *Marſhall* fiſt advance,
Twiffe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.

Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rump'd *Palmer* makes a couple.

Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find worke about her ſhoulder :

Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doct'or *Burges* :

If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.

Nol Bowles is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, still *Mumping Liddy*,
 Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy;
Pym and the *Members* mast their gibbets levy,
 T'incounter Madam *Smec* that single Bevy.
 If they two truck together, 'twill not be
 A Child-birth, but a Gao-delivery.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himselfe,
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him
 Than in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim*:
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
 When Mules their Cofin Germans generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The Ox and Ass go yoa'd in the same plough,
 Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse*, *Burk*'s Preacher, he
 Would sort the beasts with more conformity,
 Water and earth make but one globe, a round-head
 Is Clergy-lay, Party-pri-pale compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

AND why a Tenant to this vile disguise, (eyes?)
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,
 And hold it there allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a state-distinction to arraign
Charles of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himselfe hath don't.

D

His

His muffled feature speakes him a recluse,
 His ruines prove him a religious house.
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
 It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
 But thoult transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy blacks were of too taint a die,
 Without the tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Cassock skin,
 Spun of his Countries darkeness, line't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowsie trance,
 The Synod fable, foggy ignorance :
 Nor bodily, nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould :
 This Privy-Chamber of thy shape would be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty :
 'Twill breake the circle of thy Jaylors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations :
 Like to the martyr'd Abbeyes courser doome,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon room :
 Or like the Colledge by the changling rabble,
Manchesters Elves transform'd into a stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the sacriledge of thine attire,
 By which th'art half depos'd, thou lookst like one
 Whose looks are under sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denyall Ordinance.

Angel

Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :
 Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charls and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalme of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun weares midnight, day is beetle-brow'd,
 And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud :
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate!
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bar.
 What charme, what Magick vapour can it be,
 That shrinkes his rayes to this Apostasie ?
 It is no subtile film of tiffany air,
 No cob-web vizard, such as Ladies weare,
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd skreen :
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Mettall, and three il'd darknesse, like the slough
 Of an imprison'd flame 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Darke lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-castle*. Vote
 Rang *Brittains* curfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters :
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the body Politique,
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot :
 Nay all his properties so strange appear,
 Yare not i'th' presence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dresse, a garb uncouth
 Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfleg'd, a callow curse.
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
 Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the baque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sinke thy Skullar with a man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, & this slandering suit,
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With Sphinxes, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
 Clark of this closet to your Majesty;
 Me thinks in this your dark misterious dress
 I see the Gospel coucht in Parables.
 At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
 And shews Religion in it's dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
 Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.
 Come all the brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in papillage;

You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew,
 And with his engine the same jaw-bone too :
 How is't he scapes your inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the *Bibles* livery ?
 Hence Cabinet intruders, Pick-locks hence,
 You that dim jewels with your *Bristol*-sence :
 And Characters, like *Witches* so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt though innocent.
 Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
 None but *St. Peters* ope's this Cabinet.
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
 Critick spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least : what *Stripures* call
 The *Revelation*, is most mysticall.
 Mount then thou shadow royall, and with hast
 Advance thy morning star, *Charl's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
 And force faire weather from a *Scottish* mist :
 Heaven's Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
 To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.
 Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
 Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.
 But oh ! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

The Rebell Scot.

How ! Providence ! and yet a *Scottish* crew !
 Then Madam nature wears black paches too ?
 D 3 What ?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a County Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Country sick of *Pim's* disease
 By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
 To such *Pig wiggins* *Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
 Unless my head were red that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismall note
 Discorgeth halts as a Jiglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
 Speak Pils in phrase, and quack destruction:
 Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull,
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice,
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must like *Hocus* swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks* with you badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then

Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bate my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a Beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venom, since the *Scots* plantation;
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again,
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own brest alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross
 What all those wilde Collegiats had cost:
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees,
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her selfe doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
 Making there Countrey such a wildernesse:
 A Land that brings in question and suspence
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charls* came thence.
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyal band
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned halfe the Land;
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
 As in a Picture where the squinting paint
 Shews fiend on his side, and on that side saint:
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream,
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
 Scar'd from his sins repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelite.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like *Jews* they spread, and as infection fly,
 As if the *Devill* had Ubiquity.
 Hence tis they live at *Rovers*, and defie
 This or that place, rags of *Geography*.
 They're *Citizens* o'th' world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation, *Epiderical*.
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
 How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard,
 (The Card by which the *Marriners* are steer'd.)
 No; the *Scots* *Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
 Their *Estrich* stomachs rake their swords their meat;
 Nature with *Scots*, as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choise;
 The *Serpent's* fatall still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the *Hemeroids*, and these
 On the North posture of the patient seize
 Like *Lecches*, thus they Physically thirst
 After our bloud but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,
 To purchase villanage as once before,
 When an *Act* pass'd to stroak them on the Head,
 Call them good *Subjects*, buy them *Ginger-bread*.
 Not *Gold*, nor *Acts* of grace, 'tis *Steel* must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels

Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worse)
Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soul,
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Ægypt's* spoil ?
They are the Gospel Life-guard, but for them
The Garison of new *Jerusalem* :

What would the brethren do ? the cause ! the cause !
Sack possets and the Fundamental Laws !

Lord ! what a goodly thing is want of shirts !
How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts !
They wanted food, and rayment ; so they took
Religion for the Seamstresse, and their Cook.

Unmask them well ; there honours and estate,
As well as conscience are sophisticate.

Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,
When constr'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.

Hence then you proud Imposters, get you gone,
You Picks in Gentry and devotion ;
You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.

H perbitus by suffering did traduce
The Ostrachism, and sham'd it out of use.

The Indian, that heaven did foreswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between :
My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce ;
I wrong the Devil should I pick there bones.

That

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shall the Cheeks of fame,
 Stretch with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name
 Be flag'd againe? and that great piece of sence,
 As rich in Loyalty, and eloquence,
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
 Like Chymists tinctures prov'd adulterate?
 The Devill sure, such language did atchieve,
 To cheat our un-forewarned Grandam *Eve*,
 As this imposture found out to besot
 Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*:
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
 Or did you doubt persistance in one good
 Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
 Was fit for the grand divels hammering?
 Or was't ambition that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamy this super-treason brings
 Blasts more than murder of your *six* *Kings*,
 A crime so black as being advis'dly done,
 Those hold with this no competition.

Kings.

Kings onely suffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th'*Assalination* of *Monarchy*.

Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
If not t'attempt deposing of your God.

Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were shrivel'd to dust; & your cold land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!

But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.

First may your brethren, to whose viler ends
Your power hath bawded, cease to count you friends,
And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
Reproach the *Traitors* though they hug the *Treason*.

And may their jealousies increase and breed,
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*:

In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A stigmatizing brand of infamy;

Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:

Till you resume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
Translated to a general Hospital.

Let not the *S* in afford one gentle Ray,
To give you comfort of a summers day;
But, as grierdon for your traiterous war,
Live cherish'd only by the Northern star,
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
And be to all but banisht men, as lost.

And

And such in heightning the infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the law,
 But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
 No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought.
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
 To sum up all let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
 Un'till when *Charls* shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;
 H E sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot
 T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
 Unless that *Scot* deny himselfe, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my selfe a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
 Or like the Doctors militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventurers Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
 Their own Antipodes and track the times:
Faces about, sayes the *Remonstrant* spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, *Treason* Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a sturghion now, and passe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elsings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another;
 Could I but write a-squint; then (Sir) long since
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*
 I had observ'd the language of the dayes;
 Blasphem'd you, and then perewig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustian,
 Bels which ring backward in this great combusti-
 I had revil'd you, and without offence, (on.
The Litterall, and Equitable Sence.

Would make it good: when all fails that will do't:
 Sure that distinction cleft the Devils foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your Highnesse
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles; (please
 Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
 Libels are commendations when revers'd.
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the sight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir, your doubly free
 From the great guns and squibbing Poetry:
 Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
 Proof even'gainst th'artillery of Verses.
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your **Mail**;
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*
 Suppli'd the bow-strings with their twisted tresses
 Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: evry arrow
 Had lanc'd your noble brest, & drunk the marrow:
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroyes,

Then

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Lest *Wharton* tels his Goslings of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Eff.* & is it not a shame,
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish* *Dem.*,
 Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Mase, like a green-sicknesse Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
 Give no more relish to thy female palat,
 Than to that Ass he did once the thistle fallat:
 Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy Sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *Rupert* an alarm, *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is wits Superfætation.
 Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls,
 He breache a grand Committee, all that were
 The wonders of their age constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculty of reasons *Queen*, no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before;
 Ingredients of his vertue thread the beads
 Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the sweads:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirat is span'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the world shall live, & when't shal bleed.
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
 For nature raiz'd him of the *Publique Faith*,
Pandor's brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painters Briefe for *Venus* face;
 Item an eye for *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*:
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
 That tips their Antlets for the calf of Stace;
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
 Yes and the gossip spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Galeb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.
 Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
 As he whom in his Character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious, light is dim,
 And a black nothing when compar'd to him:
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
 And a just trophee to be maid his spoil:
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The Conquests which the Common-Council hears
 With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
 That ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
 Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Whereq

Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage is poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quarrell once again
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain :
 And leaves it a drawn match : whose fervor can
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
 His trumpet, like the Angels at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 'Twas the mount *Arbos* carv'd in shape of man
 (As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
 The left should be a channel to the Main :
 His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
 Yet strait-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger :
 The terror of whose name can out of seven
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) may fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking : Vipers thus
 By being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men,;
 For *Rupert* knockes 'em, till they gig agen.
 They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
 Even his Dog, that four-leg'd *Cavalier* :
 He that devours the scraps which *Lunsford* makes,
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes :
 Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainst whom they have several Articles in soufe :
 First that he barks against the sense o' th' House.
 Resolv'd *Delinquent*, to the Tower straight,
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate :

Next

Next for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,
 But there the sisterhood will be his bail,
 At least the Countesse will, *Lusi's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religious of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, than *Pim's* from his own Letter :
 Who's doubly paid (fortune or we the blinder ?)
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
 Lastly, he is a Devil without doubt ;
 For when he would lye down, he wheels about ;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore score up one for conjuring. (ter
 What canst thou say, thou wretch O quarter, quar-
 I'me but an instrument, a meer S. *Aribur*,
 If I must hang, O Let not our fates vary,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuit, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a Devill, as the Rebells feares,
 I see the house would try me by my Peers.
 There *Fowler*, there ! ah *Fowler* ! 't'is no gliz ;
 What are the accusers cry, they're at a fault ;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Than when the glorious *Strofford* stood at Bay.
 Thus Labels but annex to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
 S. *Peters* shadow heal'd ; *Rupert* is such,
 'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much :
 He gags their guns defeats their dire intent,
 The Canons do but lisp and complement.

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
 To get his *Perseus* : hence the fatall power
 Of shot is strangled : bullets thus alli'd,
 Feare to commit an act of Parricide.
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greater world and that the lesse,
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untrusse
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smeſymnus*;
 Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
 As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest word)
 Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
 And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.
 Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you : *Nurse*
 Makes you still children; and the pond'rous curse
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
 (Now *Rupert* take thee, *Rogue*, how dost thou doe ?)
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a Rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of
 STRAFFORD.

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt fit and just :
Strafford, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt treason and convenience.

He spent his time here in a mist,
A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
His Prince's nearest joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreāms lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lye here, and in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let it lie
Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ Comitis
Straffordii, &c.*

Exurge Cinis, tuumq; solus, qui paties, scribe Epitaphium:
Nugit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpisti comprehendere,
Matte & Explicare.
Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris
Notatum est literis Elogium.
Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus:
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia:
Rex Politia, & Prorex Hibernia,
Straffordii, & Virtutum Comes:
Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit. ipsam Hibernia:
Sycus Aquilonum; quo sub rubicundâ vespere occidente;
Nox simul & dies viciata est: dextroque oculo flevit,
Iætoque latata est Anglia:
Theatrum Honoris, iremque Secunda calamitosa Virtutis
A Floribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen;
Sed oppressit.

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Caputum :
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias :
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,*

*Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem :
Monstrum narro : fuit tam infensus Iegibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit :
Hunc tamen non sunstulit Lex,
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posterì.*

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimichally weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'ch' brain.
Who ever sobb'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out-by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Busbels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-workes hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the face is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a Pensil to expresse the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears surround,
 Like to *Seib's* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is grown
 From much of late, that she's increast to none :
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
 The *Liturgy* whose doom was voted next,
 Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
 There's nothing lives : life is, since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnal Lucubration.

Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the Sum total---*Canterburie's* dead.
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himsefe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
 Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showers as if he wept his beames.
 How could successe thus villanies applaud?
 The state in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud* :
 The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
 For treasons they should act by Prophecie.
 The facts were done before the Laws were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great spirits and forbear to climb,
For worth is sinne, and eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,
*Tis height makes *Grantam* steeple stand awry.

On *J. W. A. B. of York.*

SAY, my young Sophister, what think *t of this?
Chimera's reall, *Ergo falleris.*

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.

Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torchcs, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This Monster will produce, transcend his charms.
*Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;
And redeems whatever she did amisse
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episcopo* *Messix* Grace;
A fair blew-Aprond Priest, a lawn-sleev'd brother,
One Leg a Palpet holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' *Apostate* once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;

Nor

Nor the *Welsh* weather-cock ; for that we find,
 At once doth onely wait upon the wind :
 These speak him not, but if you'l name him right,
 Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
 His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticks the abominable Miter fast ;
 He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying altars down to sacrifice
 To private malice ; where you might have seen
 His Conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church ! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store ;
 Alas ! thine owne son proves the forrest-boar :
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuccow he,
 When the thick shell of his *Welsh* pedigree,
 By the warm fust'ring bounty did divide
 And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide :
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
 In thee, by th' Monster which thy selfe hadst hatcht :
 Despair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
 As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote,
 'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's head
 Were chang'd from subtil gray to poy's'nous red.
 Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone ;
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his ;

Whose foul imparalel'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character shall be.
 Indelible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartial fate,
 A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods anointed, and his Church betrai'd.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers.
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd :
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Unto my hearts content,
 Plaid with me on the Green,
 Never Mark Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
 Thence fear of sursetting made me retire :

Next

Next on her warmer, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made me active as fire ;

Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no smart :
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears when as shee graces
Jove with imbraces more stately than warm.

Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour Christalline ;
I in her eyes was seen
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulses the physick of love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall dances ;
Nimbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry :
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian* Queen.

The

The Authors Mock-Song to
MARK ANTHONY.

WHen as the *Night-raven* sung *Pluto's Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cryed three Amens at a hoal,
When night-wandring witches put on their pattins
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul :

Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come ;
Such a mishapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire :
Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller then Dan in the mire.

But then her breath tooke place,
Which went an Ushers pace,
And made way for her face ;
You may guesse what I mean.

Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

Like snakes ingendring were platted her tresses,
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale ;

Ugli-

Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with Adders tail.

But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake :
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c.

Myfticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulses, The Palmeftry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.

Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wife,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Carranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I meane not to make,
No *New England* vovage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'll be pleas'd to hear but this ditty
I'll tell you some news as true and as witty :
And how the Comencement grows new.

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
 All crowding to throw away fourty pound ;
 They'l now in their wives stammel petticotes va-
 Without any need of an argument draper, (per,
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches,
 This friend for Ven'son, nor tother for speeches.

And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gasser
 Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
 Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,
 Whose means like degrees comes from places of
 They come to the fair, & at the first pluck, (people
 The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.

And so, &c.

The Countrey Parsons they do not come up
 On Tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,
 Their bellies and table-bookes equally full,
 The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
 The Homilies urg'd, and the school-men confuted,

And so, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogorum gown
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
 Who, should he but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.

And so, &c.

The

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his satin^{(cin,}
 To look with some judgment at him that speaks lat-
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
 To answer O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
 And at the next Bear-baiting full (of his sack)
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.

And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
 Besides no serious Oxford men comes,
 To cry down the use of jesting and hums.
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,
 Mum Salter is sober, and Jack Martin too,

And so the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

With hair in Characters, and lugs in text,
 With a splay mouth, & a nose circumflect;
 With a set ruffe of Musket bore, that wears
 Like Cartrages, or linnen bandileers,
 Exhausted of their sulphurous contents:
 In Pulpit fire-workes, Which that bomball vents,
 The Negative and covenanting Oath,
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
 In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,
 That when his eares are cropt he'l count them gelt;
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
 A signe the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
 With the *Divine* right of an *Ordinance*.

If you meet any that do thus attire'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
 What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
 That tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Church's breed;
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
 Thats nick-name to the stuff call'd *Laps* and *Lice*.
 The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
 The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall Parishes and sorts,
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Court.
 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons.
 Made up of *Ears* and *Puffs* like *Ducatoons*?
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
 Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*?
 Sure they're the *Antick beads*, which plac'd without
 The Church, do gape and disembugue a spout:
 Like them above the *Commons house* have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.

This stating Prelacy, the classick rout,
That speake it often, e're it spake it out;

So by an Abbies Skeleton of late,

I heard an Echo supererrogate

Through imperfection, and the voice restore,

As if she had the Hiccup o're and o're.

Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine

Thus to ride double in their Discipline,

That Pauls shall to the Consistory call

A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall:

Each at the Ordinance for to assist

With the five thumbs of his great-changing fist.

Down Dagon Synod with thy motley ware,

Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,

That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sence

To heavens gate in shape of innocence.

Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and desie

These Demicasters of Divinity.

For when Sir John with Jack-of-all trades joynes,

His Finger's thicker than the Prelats Loyns.

The Antipteronick.

FOR shame thou everlasting Woer,
Still saying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac'd,
Is Venus drawn but to the wast.

Unlesse

Unlesse your flame confesse it's gender,
And your Parley cause surrender,
Y^e are Salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone
The Widdow of *Pigmalion* ;
As hard and unrelenting she,
As the new-crusted *Niobe* ;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nun of the Platonick Quarry ?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a feather-bed.

For shame you pretty female Elves,
Cease for to Candy up your selves :
No more, you sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries inthral each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertues no more in Woman-kind
Be the green sicknesse of the mind.
Philosophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite.
There's no Sophitry prevails,
Whereall-convincing love assails ;

But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of Iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose embraces you'r in chaines,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* *Cuirasseer*.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the bristled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillary then checks
The breast-workes of the firmest sex,
Come lers in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality:
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between

F

AN-

An Elegie upon Dr. Chaderton, the first Master of Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge, Being above a hundred years old when he dyed.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERALL.

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late,
 With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
 And with an after-shower of verse,
 And téares, we thus bedew thy herse:
 Till now. (alas) we did not weep,
 Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
 Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
 Whether thou couldst now die or no:
 We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise
 And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
 Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
 To walk, we thought must still go on;
 Thine eares after an hundred year,
 Might now plead custome for to hear:
 Upon thy head that reverend snow
 Did dwell some fifty years ago,
 And then thy checks did seeme to have
 The sad resemblance of a grave.

Wert thou e're young! for truth I hold,
 And do believe thou wert born old,
 There's none alive I'm sure can say
 They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
 And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
 Decline at deaths unhappy stroak?

Tell

Tell me (dear son) why didst thou dye,
 And leav's to write an Elegy ?
 We're young (alas) and know thee not,
 Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
 Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell :
 The world thy worth, they kend thee well :
 When they were boyes they heard the preach,
 And thought an Angel did them teach.

Awake them then, and let them come,
 And score thy vertues on thy tomb,
 That we at those may wonder more,
 Than at thy many years before.

M A R I E S S P I K E - N A R D.

S Hall I presume
 Without *Perfume*
 My *Christ* to meet
 That is *all sweet* ?

No, I'll make most pleasant posies,
 Catch the *breath of new blown Roses* ;
 Top the pretty merry flowers,
 Which *laugh* in the fairest Bowers,
 Whose *sweetnesse* Heaven likes so well,
 It *stoops* each morn to take a smell.
 Then I'll fetch from the *Phoenix* nest
 The *richest Spices*, and the *best*,

Pretious Ointments I will make,
Holy Mirrh and *Aloes* take ;
Yea, *costly Spikenard*, in whose smell
The *sweetnesse* of all *Odours* dwell.
I'll get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaſter ſkin*,
And then to him I'll *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute dye* :
This *box* I'll *break* and on *his head*
This precious Ointment will I spread,
Till *ev'ry lock*, and *ev'ry haire*
For *sweetnesse* with his *breath* compare :
But ſure the odour of his *skin*
Smells *sweeter* than the *ſpice* I bring.

Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved feet ;
I'll waſh them with a *weeping eye*,
And then *my lips* ſhall kiſſe them dry ;
Or for a *Towell* he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch *flax* as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curl themſelves about, as though
They were loath to let thee go,

Oh chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO-

C H R O N O S T I C O N

Decollationis C A R O L I Regis tri-
cesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana,
Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLUs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeI troqVe SeCVte.

C H A R L E S-----ah forbear, forbear! lest
Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and Idolatrize.
His Name! O ur losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

C H A R L E S our dread Sovereigne!-----hold!
lest O ut-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce: a me Reason to dispense
With those Celestiall powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

C H A R L E S our Dread Sovereign's murther'd!
tremble! and
View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdomes run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

C H A R L E S our Dread Sovereign's murther'd
at his Gate!

Fell Feinds! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck't-State!

Strange Body-Politick ! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain ! He ! who was
the known

King of three Realms, lie's marther'd in his Own.
He ! He ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his Blood.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Echo all
The rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're pattern'd ; and 'twas
strange

Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismall Change.

The blow struck Brittain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in H I M.

And though she yet live's, She live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soule.

RELIGION put's on Black, sad LOYALTY
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassins ; nay both
'Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE,
and their OATH.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! thy fatal Glorv
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN ELEGIE

*Upon King CHARLES the First, murthe-
red publikely by His Subjects.*

WEre not my Faith boy'd up by sacred blood,
It might be drown'd in this prodigious flood;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my soul no Anch'rage, but my Creed;
Where my Faith resting on th'Original,
Supports it selfe in this the Copies fall;
So while my Faith floats on that Bloody wood,
My reason's cast away in this Red flood,
Which ne're o'reflowes us all: Those showers past
Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land, (waist;
Which between us, and this Red Sea did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of Eeypts prodigies;
O're-cast with darknesse, and with bloud o're-run,
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th' inchanter led them to lesse knowne ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their King to kill:
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In Church and State; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Washing their Loyal hearts from bloud so shed;

The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*,
 Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries;
 For *Beauty* bloudless cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.
 All colours soil but black, all odours have
 Ill scent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
 It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
 The cleaner made by a religious touch
 Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
 Seems the *Judaical impiety*.
 To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
 His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
 But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
 To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
 And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
 His malice in this Act, against his ends:
 For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
 Out of that body, He would still torment:
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
 Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
 Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
 We easily may the world and death despise:
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
 Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
 And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
 Weapon yet left, to guard him to his Throne;
 In His great Name; then may his Subjects cry,
 Death thou art swallowed up in Victory;
 If this our losse a comfort can admit,
 'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
 Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse;
 His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
 For him, who was become so great a *King*:
 So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
 They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
 And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,
 Than ere mens falshood promis'd to restore;
 Which, since by death, alone he could attain,
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;
 Death was enjoin'd by God, to touch a part,
 Might make his passage quick, ne' remove his heart;
 Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
 Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line
 Of humane vertue, pass'd to be divine:
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,
 Than the high glories of his present state;
 Since both then passe all Acts but of belief,
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse
 Than Diamonds, will serve us to im presse,
 I'll onely wish that for his Elegie,
 This our *Josiah*, had a *Jeremie*.

AN ELEGIE

The best of Men,
The meekest of Martyrs,
 CHARLES the I. &c.

Does not the Sun call in his light? and day
 Like a thin exhalation melt away?
 Both wrapping up their Beams in clouds to be
 Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
 Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Blood,
 Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Floud,
 Not shoot through her affrighted womb, and make
 And her convulsed Arteries to shake
 So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
 Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again
 Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
 Not suck it from his liquid Mansion,
 And still it into vap'rous Clouds; which may
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
 Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
 The tapers at this black solemnitie?
 You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurs't:
 Fed by some plague, which in blind mists was hurl'd
 To strew infection on the tainted World.
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say sons of Tumult, since you thought it good,
 Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in blood
 Your guilty hands why did you then not State
 Your slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
 Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
 And lop'd off Thousands of some base allay,
 Whilst the same Sexton that enter'd their clay,
 In the same Urne their names too might entomb,
 But when on him you fixt your fatal Doom,
 You gave a blow to Nature, since even all
 The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
 Could not Religion with you oft have made
 A specious glosse your black designs to shade
 Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we
 Are suppled into a ^{cs} of Clemency?
 And copy out the Deity agen,
 When we distill our mercies upon men?
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He
 Onely shook off his frail Humanity,
 And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcer'd than we.
 And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,
 We only died, He only liv'd that Day:
 So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
 T'invest him with the Crowne of Martydome:
 And death the shade of nature did not shroud
 His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
 That who a Star in our Meridian shone
 In heaven might shine a Constellation.

Upon

Upon the death of *CHARLES* the First

Great! Good! and Just! could I but rate
 My griefs, and thy too riggid fate,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain.
 As it should Deluge once again.
 But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands sup-
 More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes, plies,
 I'll sing thy Obsequies, with Trampet sounds.
 And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

written with the point of his Sword,

The Character of a London Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time. It is an History in *sippets*, the English *Iliads* in a nut shell, the *Apocryphal Parliaments* book of *Macabees* in single sheets; It would tire a *welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annal*: For it is of that *Extratt*; only of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The original sinner in this kind was *Durch*, *Gabbelbelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the modern *Mercaries*, but *Hans en Kelders*. The Countess of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage, so she spawns the *Diurnalls*, & they at *westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispiece of the old *Bedlam Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, setteth the *House of Commons*. Judging the twelve tribes of *Isael*. You may call them the *Kingdoms Anatomy* before the weekly *Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *Moneth*, with what

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what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body politick*, & the *Emporick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those *spirituall Dragooners*, thomb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miscals it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *stat*, ever since it stai'd blood. It differs from an *aulicus*, as the *devil* & his *exorcist*; or as a *black witchdoth* from a *white one*, whose office is to unravel her *inchantments*. It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law bill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall assent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliament's by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spanish Ginnet*, that is begotten by the winde.

Thus their *Mutua* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the *Mother*, without the concurrence of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Stixon*, who swore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* say to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots*, horrible plots, which with wonderful sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for ail Sir *Walter Eayle* looke like a *Mar Midwife*) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*, But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were voted down, the only *Play-house* is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skipppers*, & *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*: Good conscionable *Intelligence*! For however *Pim's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *bonest vermin* have not so much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *Mare-fields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his out-lying ears, and the *Otathousticon* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Goose* that preserved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my *Lord of Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to settle the *Commission* of *Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles* *dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those beasts of the *Privogative*,

prerogative, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his *offee*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, & the next *Diurnal* would furnish you with this scale of *Voices*.

Resolved upon the *Question*, that this act of the *corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative fore-head* of *Isaac*,

Resolved, that the *evil Councillours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs Brow-antlers*; and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his workes.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *windmills* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennell the *fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*, the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebels Romance*, stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Self*, able to strangle the belief of a *Solifidian*.

I'll present them in their order: and first as a *whiffler*, before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, travest his ground, make a leg, & *Exit*. The *Country people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *neck* of *England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Banks* his horse in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the *Centaur* shewes better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into *Monumentall Ginger-bread*; but it was crossed by the *Female committee*, alledging, that the valour of his Image would bite their children by their *Tongues*.

This *Cubit and half of Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnal* routed his enemies fifty mile off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his *Sword*, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both worke at the same removes.

But the *Squib* is run to the end of the *Rope*, Room for the *Prodigy*

Prodigy of Valour, Madam Atropos in breeches, *Waller* Knight errantry: and because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazeng* to set off the story, these two like *Bel* & the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshiped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternbold* murder the *Psalms*, with another to the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him; then *Waller* out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the *Julien Corps* would scarce bleed, were both these *Manlayers* never so near it.

The same goes of a *Dutch-Headsmen*, that he would do his office with so much ease & dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders; pray God *Sir William* be not *Probationer* for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor *Mortals* seem untoucht.

Thus the *Artificers of Death* can kill the man, without wounding the body, like *Lightning* that melts the sword, and never sings the *Scabbard*.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the *General* in his Commission; for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his *Eccellences* himself is not charg'd there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Hazeng's* *Lobsters* were turned into *Crabs*, and crawled backwards; there poor *Sir William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna to Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the *Oid Testament*: you may learn the *Genealogie* of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The *Muster-Master* uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of *Forrainers*, when themselves exert a such an army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never so valarous, as when he is making speeches for

for the association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomers* pidgeon to come & prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak. his Nose is able to try a young eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed; for the most of his Trophies are in a Church window, when a Looking-glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defac'd Gods in his own countenance. If he deals with men 'tis when he takes them napping in an old monument, then down goes dust & ashes: & the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Olivier*! Times vnder, Subfixor to the worms; in whom death, who formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquess of Newcastle*. nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistle to his *cambridge* team of committee-men, & he doth wonders. but holy men (like the holy language) must be read backwards. They rise Colledges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for edification. but sacriledge is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwel* for cathedrals, as well as Abbeys; a secure sin whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: for how can he be hang'd for church-robbery, wch gives it self the benefit of the clergy.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the *Dominical* letter, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the vigils to an holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunderbolt. that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style him the *Archangel* giving battell to the Devil.

Indeed, as the Angels, each of them makes a several species so every one of his Soldiers is a distinct Church. Had these beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing but they are all *Adamites* in understanding: It is the signe of a coward to wink, and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds: it is not by traduction; if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal gene-

generation : for the Devill in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son: so his godlinesse is of the same parentage with good Lawes both extract'd out of bad maners, & would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by c'louding our Mother Univerſity ; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevaile) wil extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrong with the ſame *Optique nerve*; *knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous rebel! who wil be revenged upon a learning, becauſe his treaſon is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of *V.ſtorics* ; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwaies beat the Giont: that's reſolv'd. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Breton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-roes ; ſuch ſnivering cowards, that it is a favour to cal them ſo. Was *Breton* to fight with his teeth ; as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon : O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a thanksgiving dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſh't his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall; but (as the *State-Sophiſt* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adopt on of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe ; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *tauza avez Fox*, the Tinker; the liveliſt embleme of it that may be, For what did this Parliament ever go about to reforme, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three ?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tettors and King-worms of the State.

I will close up all thus : The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty at the triumphs of a *Diurnal* ; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many bladders of their owne blowing.

*The Character of a Country Committee-man, with
the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.*

A Committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion ; he is *persona in concreto* (to borrow the solecism of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, & speak as properly, enter seven Devils *solus* : It is a well-trust'd title, that contains both the number & the Beast For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude ; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes : Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason : For his office is the Heptarchy, or *Englands* Fritters ; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater ; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare ; the Pope and he rings the change ; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, & there is a harmony in discord, the triple headed turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the crosse, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prays backward, & with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curse drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be waved, whose conducting clemency aggravates the defecti-on, and make *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* than a Committee.

mittee. There is little execution by a single bullet, than by case-shot.

Now a Committee man is a party colour'd officer, he must be drawn like *Jacobs* with Cross and Pike in his countenance, as he relates to the souldiers, or face about to his fleeing, the Country look upon him martially and he is a Justice of War; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, & will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his lay elders, he shares in the Government, though a non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Secretary in armes, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a fluttering in discourse but proves Haggard in the action: he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock: it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a pigeon may converse with Vultures. He thinks a Committee hanging about a governour, & bandileers dangling about a sur'd Alderman; have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance & a Helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches, but the more preposterous, the more in fashion; the right hand fights; while the left rules the reins. The truth is, the souldier & the gentlemen are like *Don Quixot* & *Sancho Pancho*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governours Mattress to sit his truckle, and to new string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assesments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her calf before her: Hence if he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poore souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of *Arms* is like his Coat, *partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look; like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were breeding over a clof-stool.

Take him thus, & he is in the Inquisition of the purse an authenticke gypsie, that nips your bung with a caning ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Country, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleene of the body Politicke, that swells it self to the consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferretted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himselfe, he lives upon the sins of the people, & has't a good standing dish too, he verities the Axiom, *Isidem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Molcut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutchman; gets a Noble of him that was never worth sixpence, for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch like, he will be dreyning even in the dryest ground; he aliens a delinquent estate with as little remorse, as his other Holiness gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth of the delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth he is the universall Tribunall: for since these times all causes sa'l to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases turn oft to the plague. It concerns our masters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the Principal. As his comands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, & to say right, it is due: but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. Ther was a time when such cattell would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unlesse the old Proverbe were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, & those their wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, & you cannot but fumble for some threds of charity: But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fiddlers, who
are

are rogues when they go single, & joyned in consort, gentlemen Musitioners. I care not much if I untwist my Committee man, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruples of Conscience, & with his preumptory scales can doom his Prince with a *MineTekell*. These with a new blew-stockin'd Justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short handed Clerk, tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knap sack of his understanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the *Hogon* to the sincere Juncto. These are the simples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hutch potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committeeman hath a Side-man, or rather a setter hight, a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, wher he reads the grasse grows no more. He is the Stats Cormorant, one that fishes for the publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequ. strator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the signe with him is alwayes in the clutches. There are more Monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Phisicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference, one applauds the grinder, the other the Grift. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it selfe cannot quit scores with him; like the Demoniac in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy

water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcisme to dispossess him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, & the hound your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the spung weeps out the moisture, which he soak'd before, or else he meets his passing peal in the clamourous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garrison; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuccow, till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever it is, it is within his desert: for what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A Committee man is the counterpoint, his mischief is superfection, a certain seal of destruction; for he ruins the Father, beggers the Son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Diswading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore, and give you possession of this brest, yet I know not whether with the usual complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mew'd that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest issue, being convict on enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a stranger at home*; inso much, as were you designed for a second journey, it might be part of your business to travell other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an alien in her looks, that most of her Offspring dare not aske her blessing; her countenance is not denizen of her selfe, you would think her to be some floating Island, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some, who have spelled her lineaments, say she copies out the

the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking glasse, where in stead of one face, that Monarch-like, should represent the whole; you may see variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royall traine that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its settled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self in this case, though it be a fallacy in the sence, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you see, Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no looner had you lost your native soile, but by way of reprisal you tooke in others. The Dominions you visit you carry along with you, and by a victorious industry make them pay tribute to your understanning: not like a number of our roaring Galiants, who return so empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like witches in the aire, were nothing but the wastage of a deluded fantasy, perswading themselves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they sayl by is nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But m^e thinks we are to grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and presume to tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure so much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it selfe were more exotick, or the forme of accosting it: For although it be naturall for Jealousie to study Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engincer, yet never before have I heard of a M^{stresse} fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous visit manag'd with the caution, which suspicious Kings use in an interview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be term'd *Cupids* barriers, brothing exercise rather than a combat, where

where the dallying Champions have a rayl to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermost. Had your old romancing spirit possess'd you, the brandish'd blade would have freed the Lady from her enchanted durance; nor had you been less concerned in the rescue, than the fair Reculfe; for who, that blows short, in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience should be sever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel him self, like another *St. Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But see how customes vary with the clime; as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their shooes instead of their hats, so it seems where you have been, there is as different a form of imprisonment: the Prisoner is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose suit his soul is arrested, close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate those *Chrymson*-lovers called *Platonicks*, had their first training, those quackie gamsters that dyet themselves with the very notion of mingling souls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kissing of hands, twisting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomachs, you have an appetite for a whole Cloyster. It is but trifling sports for you to pull downe the Out-lier unlessse you leap the pale, and let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbess used to get quit of the *Incu bus*; for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the *C. vent*, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadnesse why a *Nunn*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek! Princes seldome treat of Matches but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater state as fixing upon one of another world; had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been Christened by the name of Zeale, being settled on a Person, on whom to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her Person, to that of her Profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth

warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in general, for fear least with *Lucifer* you should marry a *Nunn*, and so with him to make her a jointure in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gaine, even rust and rottenesse are flourish'd over with a seeming verdue; Nor one of all those beldam heresies, that did penance formerly by the doome of the Ancients but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her selfe out for a blooming Virgin. But I thinke I may spare this piece of counsell; I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fit'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize: nor could you entertaine a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? by what Liturgie did you frame your Courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor wil it avail to see you languish without her compassion: A sensual man is a ble to vitiare the vestall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers, in the jollitie of their trope, are to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addressles? If you have no room in your Calender for persons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of Heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our moderne Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your selfe backe from this carnall sacriledge. Catch not as *Herostratus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor looke about at the expression; for I perswade my selfe, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angell for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phant'sie suggested upon this subject, I would mould into Number; but I must

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beg your pardons, it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary ; for even my Muse is vowed and ve ld too, she is set apart for the service of my Mistresse, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, she is so charily confined to that sole imployment, that should I in verse attempt to yeild you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a distick, whereas in transitory prose, were I a Master of all, those languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

S I R,

Your most Faithful.

LETTERS.

S I R,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your Ark, and with him of my moneys 133-0-8. this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might owne the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall finde it no sinne to violate your sanctuary, and upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily count it a loan, and not a losse, it being in hands responsible for greater matters : and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall ; If you dare not trust him, let him be trusted if you dare : I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours :

H. E.

Sixtly, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside ? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul* ; Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon* ? Also this should teach us to imply our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been just, then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian : but for *Simcon* to plunder *Iewi*, that---that ! You see what use Sir, I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores ; I pretend a little to a gitt in preaching. Sir I expected to heare from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and the prodigall Son, and such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes. yea, yea, now and then a little harletry Rhetorich : you say that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you are so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single. The text had been better satisfied, if you had pleased to beare him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, a 133 o 8. sure the hugh and cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath else, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it the precise sum, since it is fallen away, I understand not : but how come you to reckon so punctually ? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant ? What yeare of the persecution of the saints ? I wonder you did not rather count it by the sheekls that is the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man hath taken is *elbeck* one of our Chappels of ease, not the mother Church, our Garrison of *Newmarke*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacriledge. Whereas you count the losse but a loan, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment, as that which you borrowd on the publick faith, I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsy, when you wrote of a Judge : your man however shall finde me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation ?

ration? Reflect but on your self, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man, he hath but transcribed & copied out the disloyalty of his master, as his fraternity had taught him; and to conclude with your own; I wish you more such servants; and more such sums, to be derived to the proper channel, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in a Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy ground it is not safe nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake, like a mighty Colosse (whose every motion doth cleave Land like *terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entering the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I will allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable subsistence of a well-glub'd Vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great such a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknowne sanctity, and a conscience so tender I dare not touch: Pity it is such accomplished gifts, and prodigious Parts should be misimploy'd in secular affaires, such an holy father might have begot as many babes for the Mother Church of *Newark*, as your party hath of late done *Garrisons*, and converted as many souls as *Chaucters Fryer*, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitential language, and humble stile. The goat I will not medle with, 'tis holy coyn,
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an addresse full of complaints. Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them; though I for modesty will not aske you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that--for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrel at precisenesse, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very — How you quarrell at your good, had you mistaken him for a tax gatherer, and eased him of his postage before he arrived at our Chappell of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part: for his forwardnesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of *Newark*: I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a returne upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophaneesse can compact with mudde to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side Heaven.

The Answer.

THE Philosopher, that never laughed but once, when he saw an Ass mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoinder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be replied: Repetitions are usual with the Saints at *Grantham*, I look upon your letter as a spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your selfe a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, & sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an egg-shell, I fear your oval crown hath scarce capacity,

capacity, to contain : you disclaime being a Colosse content, & have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throwis for a penny, But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pump, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better ; and why cannot you *Cleave the Land* & tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave it's impression ; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unless you play *presto be gon*, your run-away King may cause you Juglers wife to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope in stead of Inkle. But to echo your compassion, and return you an inventory of your good party, is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced neat in Divinity, Is it not pittty such a pious gogle at the eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides the cheverall lungs which still stretch forth so far as a seventeenthly ; Is it not pittty these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a sublecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocesse as that of Hildebery, that those ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive uses, and of a godly Lancepresade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking D'rectory, such a zealous Roger as this, might have saved more souls than ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Assle : your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground ; and the holy coyn with a squeamish preterition : I am glad to heare you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a Congregation as *Saint Paul's* ; for the holy coyn you must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with
fellions,

fellons, witnesse the Church-reveneues, and sever all sacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nailes ; But there is another reason why I abstaine from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer : Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our workes, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountaines : for your advice, not to throw stars at your head. I embrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goosf-shot to be had for money, my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours : for the appellation of Giant I accept it, onely I am sorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your servant,

Jo: Cl.

FINIS.
